

Bittersweet

by PalindromePen

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-02-24 03:37:28

Updated: 2013-02-24 03:37:28

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:35:36

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,138

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A few weeks after the battle with the Red Death, Hiccup still feels bad about his status in the village, and Astrid confronts him about it.

Bittersweet

****This is my first HTTYD fic ever. It takes place after the events of the movie, about couple weeks or so after. I adore it; I have quite the unhealthy obsession with it. But, enough of that, and on to the story!****

****I don't own the incredible movie that is How To Train Your Dragon.**

>

Hiccup smiled and waved goodbye to the throng of people trailing him. His popularity had grown immensely ever since the battle with the Red Death, something which he still had trouble getting used to. He leaned against his Night Fury as he walked unsteadily, trying to keep his balance. He was getting used to his new prosthetic leg, to the flashes of pain he got every time he took a step with it, to the ghostly feeling of his leg still being whole run over him. But it was difficult, much more than he expected, especially when seeing Gobber who made it look so easy.

He sighed despondently. Toothless rumbled gently in concern, and he rubbed a hand in between his ear fins.

"I'm okay, bud," Hiccup said softly. Toothless gave him a look of pure disbelief, and the boy gave a faint smile at the amount of human expression on the dragon's face. "Justâ€|thinking, that's all."

"Hey, Hiccup!" He looked up to see Astrid smiling at him from the hill that led to his house. She walked over to him and put an arm

around his waist, partly to support him and partly just because she wanted to. Hiccup, at times, still couldn't believe that this beautiful girl was in a relationship with him, even if they were intentionally taking it slow.

"Hey, Astrid." He winced inwardly at the downcast note in his voice but ignored it, thinking Astrid hadn't heard it; he'd been moody all afternoon and the other Vikings, including his father, hadn't picked up on it. And a month or so before, Astrid wouldn't have either, but now she was more changed and caught it easily. Guiding him to the top of the hill, she sat down and motioned Hiccup to sit beside her. Toothless stretched out in front of them, putting his head in Hiccup's lap and a paw in Astrid's.

"Okay, what's wrong?" Astrid said bluntly.

Hiccup looked at her, surprised. "Wow. You're the only one besides Toothless who noticed that. Impressive."

The blonde girl grinned. "I know. So? Spill."

Hiccup sighed and absent-mindedly stroked Toothless' head. "I don't know, Astrid. It's justâ€¦this is all so surreal."

Astrid furrowed her brow, trying to understand. "What's all so surreal?"

"This!" Hiccup gestured widely. "All of this. My newfound acceptance. I'm not Hiccup the Useless anymore. I'm not the village screw-up. People like me and respect me, now." He trailed off.

"Andâ€¦this is a bad thing?" Astrid asked.

"No, not at all! It's great. Butâ€¦I can't forget, Astrid. I can't help but think that this is allâ€¦too good to be true."

"I don't understaâ€¦" Astrid blinked as Hiccup sighed loudly.

"Don't think I have anything personally against you, Astrid. I really do love you." He waited until she nodded, and then words started spilling out.

"For fifteen years, Astrid. For fifteen years, people abused me. They called me names, taunted me, left me out, did everything to make me feel lost and alone andâ€¦unwanted. For fifteen years, the other kids ignored or teased me. For fifteen years, my own father never did one thing to show me he truly loved me. You don't understand how that felt. My entire life, I've had two friends who really accepted me just for who I was, before the whole Red Death thing. Gobber and then, only much later, Toothless."

Astrid ignored the feeling of hurt that suddenly welled up inside her, focusing solely on Hiccup.

"I can't forget that. I want to, so much, but I can't erase my entire past just because things are different in the present. I can't forget that the same people who respect me now are the same people who teased me so mercilessly. Especiallyâ€¦" Here, Hiccup drew a deep breath. "Especially Dad. I didn't mind it so much when you and the other villagers did that to me, but my own dad constantly reminded me

that I was a failure, a disappointment. I can't ignore that, Astrid. I just can't. And now I just keep waiting for it all to end. I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop, for everyone to remember who I was and become the same as they were before. It's so unreal, what's happening right now."

Hiccup turned to look at Astrid, whose eyes were shining with unshed tears. In the light of the setting sun, she looked eternally beautiful and sad.

"I'm sorry," Hiccup whispered, suddenly, inexplicably ashamed of his rant. "I know you must think I'm a horrible person."

"No!" Astrid said sharply. "No. No, you're not bad at all. You have nothing to apologize for. This is all our fault. Mine and the villagers and your dad's. Oh Odin, Hiccup, I'm so sorry." She leaned over and engulfed him in a huge hug, feeling herself trembling against him. She didn't care how weak she must have looked to him; her guilt was too much. She couldn't even begin to imagine what Hiccup must have gone through. "I'm so sorry."

Toothless, who they had forgotten in the midst of all their talking, crooned softly and sadly. He circled them and wrapped a wing around them, shoving his nose into their hug. Both Astrid and Hiccup laughed weakly, simultaneously laying a hand on his head.

"We'll make it up to you," Astrid said fiercely after a long moment of silence. "If it takes our entire lives, Hiccup, we will. All of us. Just believe me. We're all trying. And we'll keep trying no matter how long it takes."

Hiccup didn't say anything at all, just hugged her and Toothless tightly. She looked into his eyes, blue meeting green.

"Do you believe me?"

Hiccup looked down, and then at the entire village which was visible from the top of the hill. He saw the waves of the straggling villagers, the welcoming smiles, the nods of acknowledgement. They were Vikings. They couldn't express emotion easily. But they had readily admitted they were wrong about him. They really were trying.

His short reply brought a starburst of hope into Astrid's heart. "I'm starting to."

****And, voila. Please read and review, whether you hate it or love it.

End
file.